

TAMPA'S RAPID GROWTH

From a Village of 1,000 Population to a City of 45,000—The Cigar Industry.

Tampa, Florida, is known to thousands of Southern boys as the port from which the devil-fish carried the Young Marooners out to sea. Some twenty years ago it was a village of about 1,000 people. Now it claims within its suburban circle 45,000. An enormous industry has sprung up in Tampa, the manufacture of cigars, or rather has been transferred from Cuba. All the conditions of climate and moisture and location favor the continuance of the industry on a still larger scale. Two hundred million cigars are made here annually, 9,000 hands are employed, and the weekly pay-roll of the 120 factories is \$200,000. The cigar makers are Spaniards and Italians, Catholics, and Cubans, who mainly have no religion, having protested against the tyranny of the old state church of their island without embracing Protestantism.—Presbyterian Standard.

CAUGHT ON REVOLVING SHAFT

A Young Man's Narrow Escape at Bessemer Tin Mines.

John Lingerfelt, son of Rev. J. F. Lingerfelt, was caught on a revolving shaft at the tin mine at the Jones place, near Bessemer, Saturday morning at 3 o'clock. The machinery was luckily stopped before he was killed. He was badly bruised about the body and was thought at first to have suffered internal injuries. Yesterday he was reported not quite so badly injured as first thought. But it will be several days before the extent of his injuries can be determined. The mines are now running day and night and he was on the night shift.—Gastonia News.

HUMAN NATURE PICTURES

Are the Ones People Like to Look at.

"You can talk all you want about the beauties of landscape pictures, etc.," said a Kansas City art dealer yesterday, "but it is the picture with the human nature in it that attracts the crowd. Put a human nature picture in a window with landscapes and it will be the only one noticed. Not long ago I noticed a number of small boys standing around our window. They stayed so long I went out to see what was attracting them. It was a picture of two cowboys leaving a newly made grave on the prairie, one of them leading a horse with an empty saddle. Over the grave stood a dog. Finally one of the boys said, 'Come on fellows. We gotta go home.' I ain't done lookin' in yet," replied another, evidently his small brother. "Well, come on. We gotta go. You can come back tomorrow and see it some more," came from the first. "Tomorrow morning?" asked the smaller boy. "Yes," "All right," he said, and off they went. During the day I noticed perhaps a dozen people bringing their friends up to see that painting. The picture that gets next to a person is the one the big majority of the people love."—Kansas City Times.

How the Jew Boy Got a Wheel.

It was Mr. Harwood, of Richmond, who replied that he sells "Jewish Hardware."

"What's that? Jewelry?" "Aw, no," he laughed. Everybody knows that means clothing. Ninety per cent. of the clothing is handled by the Jews; anyhow, 75 per cent. I don't know of but two houses, not Jews, that manufacture clothing. I don't know whether jewelry gets its name from the Jews or not, but it might, and a lot of other things might. The Jew is nobody's sleep man."

"Oh, ho, ho!" yawned the other fellow who was sitting there, and who had rather not tell his name. "I could tell you boys a story in point, if only I would."

Of course he was eager to tell it; so, in spite of a beastly silence, he proceeded.

"John Wanamaker saw three boys looking at bicycles through a show window. 'Now,' thinks he, 'I'll test them.'"

"'Boys,' he said, 'do you want one of those wheels?'"

"The boys knew well enough who he was, that he meant business, that he was a Sunday school devotee, and they said yes."

"Then the one that gives the best answer to this question, 'Whom do you love best?' shall have his choice of a wheel."

"I love my mamma best," said the first boy, truthfully.

"Ah, it will be hard for you two to beat that," cried Mr. Wanamaker. "That's right, boy. Keep on loving your mother, and you'll win out. It's hard to beat that answer. Now, you?"

"I love my Sunday school teacher best," said the next boy, shrewdly.

"There now!" cried the great man. "I don't think that can be bettered. It looks like you will get the wheel, young man. But we'll let this fellow have a try. What do you say, you?"

"I love Jesus best," said the third boy demurely.

"Then which wheel do you want. You've won, young man and take your choice."

The boy chose the wheel, and Mr. Wanamaker started inside to buy it. At the door he halted and looked fondly back at the winner. Then he went in bought the wheel, handed it to the pious boy, who threw one leg across it in readiness to be off in a second.

"Now, what's your name and where do you live?" asked the great man.

"Moses Einstein, 47th street," cried the little Jew, as he burnt it up getting away from there.—Charlotte Observer Stunts.

Big Project for Rocky Mount.

We are informed of a big project, which if carried through, will mean a big thing to Rocky Mount. It is almost a foregone conclusion that it will be carried out. It involves the expenditure of over \$100,000, and if carried through will mean a great deal for the material advancement of the town. We are not at liberty at present to give details, but hope to be able to do so in a week or such a matter.—Rocky Mount Record.

PREFERRED THE PENITENTIARY

To a Term on the Roads—A Horse Thief Given His Chance.

In the superior court yesterday morning, a great big white man of handsome appearance and fine physique, pleaded guilty to horse-stealing, and begged the judge to send him to the penitentiary instead of to the roads. His name was William Libass, alias J. W. Wiley. His home is in Winston, or Wauzatown, and has a wife and children there. Libass got a horse and buggy from a livery stable in High Point, giving his name as J. W. Wiley and representing himself to be a revenue officer. He hired the horse and buggy to go to a place as he said to measure out the outfit of a distillery. He took with him a quart bottle for the livery man to bring back a present in the shape of medicine for the cook to the extent of a quart of brandy.

To Mr. George Leach, proprietor of the hotel he was even more generous. He took for him a two gallon jug and was going to bring it back plum full. But as he said for the unrivaled good feeding that noted hostelry had given him. Mr. Leach so the witness yesterday swore was so impressed or overcome by the revenue officers' appreciation and prospective generosity, he insisted on lending him a \$45 overcoat and a lantern. To the credit of the horse thief and the profit of Mr. Leach the man took the jug and the lantern but declined the overcoat.

The fellow sold the horse and buggy to Mr. Hill, of Walnut Cove, for \$50 and was caught last week in Yvina. He pleaded guilty and said he was under the influence of opium and whiskey and knew nothing about the thing at all, until he woke up in a hotel in Philadelphia with two doctors standing over him, and they said if he only taken a little more he would never have had the trouble to be waked up any more. Judge Peebles told him to double his dose next time.

Libass said all he had to ask was to beg for leniency in the shape of a penitentiary instead of a road and sent him to that he could take his choice of seven years in the penitentiary or five years on the roads. Libass unhesitatingly took the seven years. Afterwards the judge found that he could not make the penitentiary sentence less than ten years and gave him choice of ten years there or five on the roads. After some reflection, Libass sorrowfully chose the roads and was led away to the jail.—Greensboro Telegram.

A FATAL AFFRAY

At a Negro Baptist Church Over an Umbrella.

News reaches Durham that there was a horrible murder committed Sunday, at a negro Baptist church, near Mt. Tizah in Person county. From the best information that can be gathered it seems that two negroes, Fabe Hawley and Cousin, who had their hides filled with blockade whiskey which they secured near the church, fell out over an umbrella, and the result was that Cousin was stabbed in such a manner by Hawley that he died almost instantly.

The desperate murderer was chased about a mile and a half by his own race, and was finally captured in a barn. Hawley was safely landed in the Roxboro jail.

It looks as if Person county will have another hanging soon.—Durham Sun.

A WRECK OFF CORE

The Schooner D. D. Haskell Ashore. Her Crew, Rescued by Life Savers.

(Special to News and Observer.)

New Bern, N. C., May 10.—Schooner D. D. Haskell, something over 500 tons, mastered by Captain Ernest Torrey, and which sailed from New London, Conn., bound to Brunswick, Ga., to load with lumber, went ashore off Core Bank, N. C. The crew consists of eight men, four of whom are still with her. She is almost a complete wreck. Three of the crew came up to New Bern. The entire party was rescued by the life saving crew of Core Bank station. The stranded sailors at New Bern made application to Mr. Patrick, collector of customs at this port, for assistance to reach their homes in New York and Providence. This matter was adjusted, and they will sail for their homes tomorrow.

Sale of Swannanoa Hotel.

Announcement is made today of the purchase by Frank Loughran of the Swannanoa hotel, from R. R. Rawls. Mr. Loughran's purchase also includes the building on South Main street adjoining the hotel, formerly belonging to the Asheville Warehouse company, and the adjoining frame building on Aston street. The parties to the trade decline to make public the exact consideration, but it is stated to have been between \$40,000 and \$50,000.—Asheville Gazette-News.

Business is Business.

A story is told of a man in an Arkansas town who in addition to his being a president of the local board of aldermen, was also the proprietor of the best hotel in the place, says Harper's Weekly.

It appears that a visitor from the east one day remarked to this man that the town might be a good deal healthier if a certain large swamp near were drained.

"W-all," drawled the politician and hotel man, "all my boarders says the same thing. In my position as president of the board of aldermen I'd shorely advocate it if warn't for my son."

"Why," exclaimed the easterner in surprise, "why would your son object?"

"W-a-l-l, stranger," replied the Arkansas man, "he runs a drug store."

First Big Excursion.

"The first big excursion of the year will be operated to New Bern via the fast and elegant Atlantic Coast Line on Monday, May 15th, by Thomas H. Knight, whose excursions are always patronized by the best people because they are the best excursions."

A visit to New Bern is always a most delightful pleasure. Don't let this splendid opportunity go by. The fare is remarkably cheap and within the reach of all, being only \$1.00 for the round trip.

Train will leave depot at 7:30 a. m. and will leave New Bern on the return at 10:00 p. m. 20c

Bad blood and indigestion are deadly enemies to good health. Burdock Blood Bitters destroys them.

THE CRADLE OF TEARS

Strange Cradle in Which are Placed the Grievs of the World.

There is a cradle within the door of one of the great institutions of New York before which a constantly recurring tragedy is being enacted. It is a plain cradle, quite simply draped in white, but with such a look of cozy comfort about it that one would scarcely suspect it to be a cradle of sorrow.

And this cradle is the most useful and, in a way, the most inhabited cradle in the world. Day after day, and year after year it is the recipient of more small wayfaring souls than any other cradle in the history of the race. In it the real children of sorrow are placed and over it more tears are shed than if they were an open grave.

It is the place where annually 1,200 foundlings are placed—the silent witness of more truly heartbreaking scenes than any other cradle since the world began. For nearly thirty-five years it has stood where it does today, ready-draped, open, while as many thousand mothers, have stolen shamefacedly in and, after looking hopelessly about, have laid their helpless offspring within its depths.

For thirty-five years, winter and summer, in the bitterest cold and the most stifling heat, it has seen them come—the poor, the rich; the humble, the proud; the beautiful, the homely—and one by one they have laid their children down and brooded over them, wondering whether it were possible for human love to make so great a sacrifice and yet not to die.

Still the tragedy repeats itself, and year after year, and day after day, the unlocked door is opened and de-throned virtue enters—the victim of ignorance and passion and affection, and a child is robbed of an honorable home.—Theodore Dreiser, in Tom Watson's Magazine for May.

Asheville's Opportunity.

The movement on foot to corner all the pencil pushers and scissors brigade of North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia in a bunch in the mountains around Asheville this summer will be productive of much good, for what the bunch will have to tell afterwards will be worth reading. Asheville ought to offer every inducement, and then she could use that \$5,000 that she intends to boom and advertise Asheville for something else.—Greenville Reflector.

Uncle Sam's Hieroglyphic Decipherers.

The postoffice authorities are often put to it to decipher hieroglyphics which are placed on envelopes and that they make no more mistakes is a compliment to their training and painstaking. A letter with the following address on it reached the local postoffice today: "Mr. cresuden Kinton, N. C. Notwithstanding the characters were nothing more than a bad scrawl the letter was unhesitatingly placed in Mr. Chris Wooten's box, where it belonged.—Kinston Free Press.

Saved by Dynamite.

Sometimes, a flaming city is saved by dynamiting a space that the fire can't cross. Sometimes, a cough hangs on so long, you feel as if nothing but dynamite would cure it. Z. T. Gray, of Calhoun, Ga., writes: "My wife had a very aggravated cough, which kept her awake nights. Two physicians could not help her; so she took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Coughs and Colds, which eased her cough, gave her sleep and finally cured her." Strictly scientific cure for bronchitis and La Grippe. At R. R. Bellamy's drug store, price 50c, \$1.00; guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

Cleared for Action.

When the body is cleared for action, by Dr. King's New Life Pills, you can tell it by the bloom of health on the cheeks; the brightness of the eyes; the firmness of the flesh and muscles; the buoyancy of the mind. Try them. At R. R. Bellamy's drug store, 25 cents.

Terrible plagues, those itching, pestering diseases of the skin. Put an end to misery. Doan's Ointment cures. At any drug store.

A Creeping Death.

Blood poison creeps up towards the heart, causing leath. J. E. Stearns, Belle Plaine, Minn., writes that a friend dreadfully injured his hand, which swelled up like blood poisoning. Bucklen's Arnica Salve drew out the poison, healed the wound, and saved his life. Best in the world for burns and sores. 25c at R. R. Bellamy's drug store.

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unflinching success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottle, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by R. R. Bellamy.

Terrible Race With Death.

"Death was fast approaching," writes Ralph F. Fernandez, of Tampa, Fla., describing his fearful race with death, "as a result of liver trouble and heart disease, which had robbed me of sleep and all interest in life. I had tried many different doctors and several medicines, but got no benefit until I began to use Electric Bitters. So wonderful was their effect that in three days I felt like a new man, and today I am cured of all my troubles." Guaranteed at R. R. Bellamy's drug store; price 50c

Hon. Thomas Settle, of Asheville, is an aspirant for appointment as United States district attorney for western Carolina, and there is no man in the Republican party who is more competent to fill that position.—Mount Airy Leader.

MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES

Impressive Ceremonies—Closing Exercises of Graduating Class—Important Real Estate Transfer—News and Personal Notes.

(Special to The Messenger.)

Fayetteville, May 11.—Very interesting Confederate memorial exercises were held yesterday, conducted under the auspices of Jeb Stuart Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. At 10 o'clock a sumptuous dinner was served to the veterans in the armory of the Independent Light Infantry battalion. At 4 o'clock a procession was formed on the campus of the city graded schools, made up of the Confederate Veterans, Reserve Corps, Independent Light Infantry, State Guard, civic organizations, public and private schools, civilians in carriages and on foot, and marched to the new bronze Confederate monument, on St. James Square, when, after salute, the march was resumed to the old marble Confederate monument in Cross Creek cemetery, where the mound was banked with wreaths and flowers, and the soldiers' graves were decorated, followed by salutes of volleys of musketry and the sounding of "taps" by Musician Remsburg.

In the enforced absence of Governor Glenn, Judge Garland S. Ferguson, presiding here over Superior court, graciously came to the aid of the committee of management, and delivered an eloquent memorial address. Judge Ferguson was a gallant officer and soldier during the civil war, and knew whereof he spoke yesterday.

The following composed the high school class of the city graded schools, which graduated Tuesday evening with entertaining exercises: Misses Eleanor Huske, Grace Jennings, Elizabeth Rankin, Marian Stocumb, Edith Hall, Frances B. Broadfoot, Esther Tillinghast, Mary L. McNeill; Messrs. Thos. Rose, W. Fry, Marion Huske. Introduced by Mr. J. W. Lamb, Judge Ferguson gracefully presented the diplomas.

An important transfer of real estate is the purchase by Mr. E. H. Jennings and Miss P. H. Matthews, of the Hybart estate stores on Hay street, now occupied by Miss Matthews, with the New Book Store company, Mr. Jennings, boots and shoes, and Miss D. H. Smith, millinery. The stores are in the heart of the business center of the city, are valuable property, and will be further enhanced in value by improvements in both exterior and interior.

At the annual meeting yesterday of Camp 852, United Confederate Veterans, Capt. J. H. Robinson was elected commander. He was adjutant of the fifty-second regiment North Carolina infantry, and with it participated in the great battles of the civil war. Capt. Robinson has not only many war comrades in Wilmington, but is well known in that city, of which he was some years ago the efficient and courageous chief of police.

In Superior court yesterday was tried the case of L. C. Jackson vs. American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in which plaintiff sues defendant company for \$10,000 damages for arrest and imprisonment on his own premises. The jury gave verdict for \$900.

Two railroad presidents were in the city on business yesterday—Messrs. John Blue, Aberdeen and Rockfish, and J. A. Mills, Raleigh and Cape Fear railroad.

There will be interesting services this afternoon and this evening at Marvin high school, in the southeastern part of the county, in the laying of the corner stone of the new building, and the graduation exercises. Governor Glenn will be unable to be present, but the programme is entertaining.

There are only two women graduate registered pharmacists in North Carolina and one of them, Miss Gibson, has a position at Sibley's, Fayetteville drug store, on Market Square, in this city.

Col. N. A. McLean, a leading member of the Lumberton bar, arrived in the city by the noon train on business. The board of aldermen unanimously re-elected Capt. J. S. McNeill as chief of the fire department of Fayetteville—a just recognition of his very valuable services.

Two Russian Warships Sighted.

Tokio, May 11.—It is reported that two Russian warships from Vladivostok were off Aomori, in the north of Honshu, the main island of Japan, Tuesday.

"Neglected colds make rat graveyards." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup helps men and women to a happy, vigorous old age.

The ear famine has at least opened the eyes of some people to the magnitude of the strawberry industry in the east.

A little life may be sacrificed to a sudden attack of croup, if you don't have Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand for the emergency.

NEW RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR

Count Cassini Transferred to Madrid and Succeeded by Baron Rosen. Lately Minister to Tokio.

Washington, May 10.—Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador to this country, has been transferred to Madrid. He will be succeeded here by Baron Rosen, until recently Russian minister at Tokio. Count Cassini was offered the ambassadorship to Madrid two months ago and accepted it.

In coming to Washington as Russia's second ambassador to the United States, Baron Rosen returns to the field of his former activities. He was formerly consul general at New York and later chargé d'affaires at Washington for a short time.

Diplomats here say that Baron Rosen was greatly opposed to the war and that his reports from Tokio about the preparedness of the Japanese for war were minimized at St. Petersburg. The new ambassador speaks excellent English as well as several other languages. His appointment to the Washington post is in line with his long cherished ambition.

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They overcome Weakness, irregularity and omissions, increase vigor and banish "pains of womanhood," aiding development of organs and body. No known remedy for women equals them. Cannot do harm—life becomes a pleasure. \$1.00 PER BOX BY MAIL. Sold by druggists. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio. Sold by J. C. MUNDS.